

She turned her face unto the wa',
And there her very heart it brak.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret
she turned
Into his arms as asleep she lay,
And deep and silent was the night
That fell atween thir twae.

Or it may be the silence of a dying god
whose oracle has
fallen dumb, as in that last cry of pagan
Delphi:

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Say ye to Caesar, *Lo, the hall divine
Is fallen, Phoebus holds no more his shrine,
His prescient laurel, his fount of prophecy-
Even the speaking spring is dead and dry.'

Or it may be the silence where the home of
a whole dead
race has been swallowed, like ancient
Dunwich in Swin-
burne's *By the North Sea*.

Miles on miles on miles of desolation!
Leagues on leagues on leagues without a
change!
Sign or token of some eldest nation
Here would make the strange land not so
strange.
Time-forgotten, yea since time's creation,
Seem these borders where the sea-birds
range.

Slowly, gladly, full of fear and wonder
Grows his heart who journeys here alone,
Earth and all its thoughts of earth sink under,
Deep, as deep in water sinks a stone;
Hardly knows it if the rollers thunder,
Hardly whence the lonely wind is blown.

Or, last of all, it may be the final silence of a
whole ruined
world:

When the great markets by the sea shut
fast,
All that calm Sunday that goes on and on;
When even lovers find their peace at last.
And Earth is but a star that once had
shone.